

It Doesn't Matter

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Category: Animorphs

Genre: Poetry

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 1999-06-09 09:00:00

Updated: 1999-06-09 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 10:24:20

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 393

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Almost completely redone (as of 8/8/00) My first poem about the consequences of war. Please R/R

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>
Did we really fight that war?

>Did we help?
Or did we hurt?

>Did we fight for the people?
Or for us?

>I can hardly remember it
It was such a long time ago

>We Lost?
We Won?

>It doesn't matter.

>She thought back to the days when fighting the war was her life. It was a long time ago, but it seemed only like yesterday, or even today. Back when she was still a child, she used to think of the consequences of the war.

>If they lost, everyone on earth would become Controllers. No one would have any free will. Most of the world's animals, would be destroyed. The earth would be barren. The yeerks would build impossibly large yeerk pools, Kandrona rays so massive they blocked out the sun, and the ever present cages. Cages to hold the helpless in.

>Those people, or what was left of a person after utter enslavement, would cry, and scream at first, but soon they would realize that there was no one to help them, and give up. They would become just a shell of a human, that was once hopeful, and alive, but now, just apathetic, as if their soul had been ripped from their bodies.

>If they won, perhaps a few would survive without enslavement. However, these few would be lost souls. No doubt they would go slowly, irreversibly, insane. The mere thought that their loved ones were forever lost might drive them to insanity, or perhaps the fact that humans are not the only living, sentient beings in this vast universe. From this insanity, these lost souls would probably start accusing others of being Controllers, start killing others from this terrible paranoia. So many killed, but most would suffer a worse

fate, hopelessness.

>Either way, she could lose everything she ever had, everything she ever worked for, everything that had ever mattered to her. Family, friends, her love. Either way, there were consequences, both equally bad. So, what did it matter? What would it ever matter.

>*****
Authors Note: This poem/story was awful until I just redid it. The HTML was all off, and I couldn't fix it. It was pretty bad. However I just almost totally rewrote the thing, so now, I hope, its better. Thank You for Reading

>
~Icella

><http://strangerthing.i85.net>

End
file.